

M A S Q U E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROMETHEUS.
THETIS.

248

Granville (G.), Beau Lonsdomie

PELEUS AND THETIS.

But see, the mighty Thunderer
Temble, Peleus! tremble, fly!
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus! tremble, fly!

Jupiter being descended.

Jup. Presumptuous slave! rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, mortal! thus defy
A goddess with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealousy!
Presumptuous mortal!—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.

Pei. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds,
Of men or gods,

But Jove himself defy.
Jove! lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye.
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,

But Jove himself defy.

Jup. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;
Haste, ye Cyclops! with your forked rods,
This rebel love braves all the gods.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

Pei. and Thet. [Holding fast by one another.] Jove
may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

Jup. Bring me lightning, give me thunder.

Pei. and Thet. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

Thet. [To *Jup.*] Thy love, still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate,
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loss, consuming Semele!
Thy love, still arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.

Prom. [To *Jup.*] Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy severe decree
Has furnish'd leisure to grow wise:
Thou rul'st the gods, but Fate rules thee.

THE PROPHECY.

Whoe'er th' immortal maid compressing,
Shall taste joy and reap the blessing,
Thus th' unerring stars advise:
From that auspicious night an heir shall rise,
Paternal glories to efface,
The most illustrious of his race,
Tho' sprang from him who rules the skies.

Jup. [Apart.] Shall then the son of Saturn be
undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious son?
Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,
Dooming that son to be the fire
Of such another son.

Conscious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence shall advise,
And guilt, that made me great, shall make me wise.
The fatal blessing I resign;
Peleus! take the maid divine: [Giving her to Peleus.]

Jove consenting, she's his thine.

The fatal blessing I resign.

[Joining their hands.]

Pei. heav'n had been lost had I been Jove,
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n, but love.

Peleus and Thetis together.

There is no heav'n but love.

No, no, no;

There is no heav'n but love.

Jup. [To *Prom.*] And thou, the stars' interpreter,

'Tis just I set thee free

Who giv'st me liberty;

Arise, and be thyself a star,

'Tis just I set thee free

Who giv'st me liberty.

[The vulture drops dead at the feet of Prometheus,
his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven
with Jupiter, to a loud flourish of all the instru-
ments.]

Peleus and Thetis run into each others arms.

Pei. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddess of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddess of transporting joy!

But to gaze

On thy face,

Thy gentle hand thus pressing.

Is Heav'nly, heav'nly blessing!

O my soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my soul!

Thet. You tremble, Peleus—so do I—

Ah, stay! and we'll together die.

Immortal, and of race divine;

My soul shall take it's flight with thine:

Life dissolving in delight,

Heaving breaths and swimming sight;

Fault'ring speech and gasping breath,

Symptoms of delicious death;

Life dissolving in delight,

My soul is ready for the flight.

O my soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my soul!

Peleus and Thetis both together repeat,

O my soul!

Whither, whither art thou flying?

Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,

Whither, whither art thou flying,

O my soul!

CHORUS of all the Voices and Instruments, Singing
and Dancing.

When the storm is blown over,

How blest'd is the swain,

Who begins to discover

An end of his pain!

When the storm, &c.

The Masque concludes with a Variety of Dances.

